

## For the Children

### WHEN THE WIND BLEW.

A breeze came out of the west one day,  
Ready for business and ready for play,  
Saucy and restless and mischievous too,  
Wilder and gayer and stronger it grew,  
Tossing the hat off a little maid's head,  
Oh, the wild chase that that saucy wind led!  
"Oh, wait, naughty hat," the little maid cried.  
To think of the thing she had cherished with pride!  
Not stopping to comfort, on hurried the breeze,  
It worried the passers and played with the trees,  
It hurried and hurried until in its might,  
It found itself borne on the wings of the night  
With wild clouds of dark'ning over the sky,  
Quite hiding the moon from the passers by,  
And the breeze, ere he knew, was with wild winds combined.  
Alas for the hat which no more he can find!  
Alas for the maiden who home trudges slow  
To tell dear mamma of the breeze that would blow.  
But mamma will comfort the tired little maid  
When she tells of the frolic the naughty wind played,  
And safe in her room soon forgotten the breeze  
That worried the passers and played with the trees.

—Marion Stuart Wonson.

### MISS MATTIE'S BIRTHDAY GIFT.

By L. M. Montgomery.

The third class was going up to the well in Miss Mattie's yard for a pail of water. Not that it needed the whole ten of the Third Class to do this; Teddy Ragland and Bobby Foster, who were the only boys in it, carried the pail and headed the procession, and behind them came four pairs of little girls, arm in arm, and each little girl wore a gay print sunbonnet and had bare plump feet.

The Third Class was always glad of an excuse to go over to Miss Mattie's. Miss Mattie lived in a little brown house just across the road from the schoolhouse. It looked like nothing so much as a bird's nest, a little larger than common, among its apple trees and lilac bushes.

When the Third Class was recrossing the yard after its visit to the well, Miss Mattie came to her gate and called to it. She had two jelly cookies for each member of it, and, besides, she gave each of the little girls a bunch of lillies of the valley from the bed under the lilac bushes.

"Isn't Miss Mattie lovely?" said Rosella Brown, as they went down the lane.

"I wish we could do something real nice for her to show her how much we like her," said Tessie Baker.

Everyone looked at Nannie Miller. They were sure Nannie would have an idea if any one would. Nannie was famous in the school for her ideas.

Nannie felt that the occasion called for reflection. She thought very hard all the way back to the schoolhouse and the others were careful not to disturb her.

During the afternoon she continued thinking hard to the neglect of her fractions and spelling. She lost five marks in dictation, but she had her reward elsewhere. By the time school was out Nannie had her idea, and

the Third Class, understanding this by reason of her triumphant expression, surrounded her on the playground.

"Let us make Miss Mattie a jar of potpourri," said Nannie.

"What on earth is that?" said Teddy.

"I know," said Rosella, nodding sagaciously; "it's a rose jar."

"Yes; and this is my plan," said Nannie. "You know Miss Mattie is always so good to us. Well, every time she gives one of us anything, or does anything nice for one of us, let that one give a big handful of rose leaves for the jar as long as the roses last. Then, when her birthday comes in November, we can give it to her and tell her it's just all the nice things she did for us coming back to her in a rose jar."

The Third Class beamed. Nannie had sustained her reputation. Little Ruth Clark sighed privately with relief. She had been so afraid that Nannie's plan might call for some money and she was so very poor. She was all right now. There were ever so many big pink cabbage rose bushes in the Clark yard.

"Of course we must keep it a dead secret until the time comes to give it to Miss Mattie," warned Tessie.

It was agreed that the jar should be in Nannie's charge because she lived in a central place. Mothers and sisters, being told of the plan, approved of it. Mrs. Brown said she would give them a jar, and she sent one over to Nannie, a quaint, dainty, old-fashioned one of blue and gold. And Nannie's big sister, Jessie, said she would give the necessary spices and oils, and attend to the curing of the rose leaves as they were gathered.

The roses were just beginning to bloom when the rose jar started, and from that time for the next two months scarcely a day passed that a chubby little fistful of rose leaves, rich red, or creamy white, or pale pink, or yellow as sunshine was not dropped into the blue and gold jar on the Miller sitting-room table.

Little Ruth Clark put in the very first one, because Miss Mattie had helped her learn her lesson at noon one day when she was just ready to cry because of the big hopeless words. And two months later, Teddy Raglan dropped in the last one on the day that Miss Mattie sewed up a big rent in his jacket, torn in climbing a tree behind the schoolhouse. Teddy had hard work to find his rose leaves, for the season was almost over. He tramped all over the village Saturday afternoon, looking for them and at last found just one pale white rose in Aunt Melinda Moore's garden. And Aunt Melinda let him have it with a right good will when she was told what it was for.

Then Jessie Miller took the rose jar in charge and put in dear knows what delightful things, and the lid was shut down and the jar put away to ripen for two months.

Miss Mattie's birthday came on the first of November. It was very cold and bleak, and the flowers in her garden were all dead. Miss Mattie sat in her little kitchen and sighed. She felt very lonely and sad. There was nobody to remember her birthday, she thought. She could not keep the tears out of her soft brown eyes.

Just then a rap came at the door. Miss Mattie opened